

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON, MISSOURI.

LOYAL AT LAST.

A Tale of Love and Adventure in the Late Civil War.

BY BERNARD BIGSBY.
AUTHOR OF "GLORY'S SECRET," "FALLING AMONG THIRTIERS," "MY LADY PATASTICAL," AND OTHER STORIES.

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CHAPTER XIII.

IT WAS THE 27th day of February, 1865. The army had wintered close to Winchester, and the campaign was about to open with a grand review before General Sheridan. It was a splendid sight, that you would go many a mile to see in these piping times of peace; but there were no on-lookers, the blinds of neighboring houses were all drawn down, and not a curious face peeped curiously out, nor came a soul from Winchester to witness the gallant doings. Think of it! Fourteen thousand cavalry, endless lines of infantry, and fifty batteries of artillery, all in their best, with the spring sun shining on their ranks.

It was a long ride for Sheridan that day to pass before the extended ranks. On starting he was accompanied by his staff, brave in furnished uniforms, but by degrees, as horse after horse succumbed to fatigue, there was nothing left on the gay cavalcade but a single man, who, in fact, was a tired soldier, and a tired soldier is not likely to see that Sheridan's eyes looked straight into his with especially approving glance.

Two days afterward, at four o'clock in the morning, this splendid host set forth to fulfill its destiny. They were ordered to march, passed Waynesboro, and marched along the muddy roads to Charlottesville. Little did Harry think, when he went a soldiering, that high academic honors would be conferred upon him; that, in fact, he would be appointed temporary conservator of the third greatest university of this country, but so it was. As the Union troops approached the city, deputations of burgesses and college authorities came forward to pray the clemency of the invaders, and to Winthrop's guardian care was committed the protection of these classic halls which have made Virginia illustrious as a home of learning. But I am afraid these roystering troopers enjoyed the good fare the rich city provided a great deal more than the honor accruing from their protective college dons.

Then they struck the James river and destroyed every lock and mill they came to, reaching Hanover, where they were met by a brush with Pickett's division, which Harry Winthrop declares to this day was the best in the Confederate army, and finally joined Grant at Petersburg.

Meanwhile the city was becoming utterly desolate, for every day Grant's grip upon him was tightening with the cruelty of an avenging Nemesis, and the only hope left to him was to steal away and join Johnston.

On the last day of April Sheridan, with nine thousand sabers and heavy columns of infantry, drove his position like a wedge behind the Confederate position at Five Forks, twelve miles southwest of Petersburg; and, assailed in front and rear, the garrison was overwhelmed and five thousand men were taken prisoners.

The next morning at four o'clock the Union army advanced along the whole front, and the Confederate line of intrenchments was broken and thousands of prisoners were captured.

Oh, that sad, sad Sunday at Richmond! The churches were full of people pitifully praying for Divine interposition to avert the calamity they trembled to think was beyond the power of human aid. Even as Jefferson Davis sat in his pew, the bitter feelings were brought back to every man's mind the beginning of the end of their heroic struggle. From lips to lips were passed the fatal words—Richmond must fall. Then the streets were filled with men, women and children, rushing in wild lamentation they knew not whither, while even in that supreme hour of misery the figures of busy plunderers might be seen doing their protevly work, and the cry of the suffering around them. In vain the city fathers tore from the warehouses the whisky barrels and poured their contents into the gutters, men were found even in that dread hour rolling like demons through the streets, and when night came and General Ewell fired the great tobacco houses, and the flames leaped with uncontrollable fury from broken to street, the crisis of wretchedness was reached by the terror-stricken inhabitants.

That night Petersburg and Richmond were evacuated, and Lee, having done all that man could do, passed with the wreck of that splendid army with which he had struck the Union forces so many a crushing blow out into the open country, where the hunger to eat the young shoots of trees, with the clatter of the pursuing cavalry in their ears for a moment they lingered for rest, when the last supreme moment came and the long ranks of the Union army bristled in their front, they rallied to their gallant leader's order to form for the charge.

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said, I think that you had fallen in a raid with some of Mosby's men, and that, though he had performed prodigies of valor in your behalf, life was extinct when he reached your side."

"What object could he have in concealing such a tale as that?" Harry asked, in dismay.

"Oh, I suppose he wanted to get on the blind side of Kate, for whom he has always evinced an sneaking kindness," was the careless rejoinder.

"And Kate? You have not yet told me how she is faring."

"Indifferently well, I believe. I haven't been home since they have been living in Richmond; but you can imagine they are not having a very lively time of it."

Harry thought of the horrors of the last few days, and sighed to think of what she must have endured.

"So they are living now at Richmond," he continued.

"They are. You will find them at an old mansion a little way back of the capitol, for I suppose now this little unpleasantness is over, you will be looking our people up."

And does she see much of this Alphonse LeCroix? Winthrop asked, ignoring the youth's question.

"That she does, for he has been the bosom friend of the family for four years. In fact, I believe he is staying with our folks now and will go into business with my father as soon as we have turned our swords into plowshares. I never liked the fellow, but he is a good fellow, and generous in him to find the capital to start a crippled and impetuous man on the way to fortune again."

"What does she say to all this?" Harry asked, breathlessly.

"I suppose she is properly grateful," was the reply. "And I rather think father and mother hoped that now they were under the sky, they believed there would be a chance to recognize him as a son-in-law."

"The infamous scoundrel!"

"Oh, why, I always imagined to hear him talk that way and he was as thick as twin brothers. You don't mean to say—"

But Winthrop interrupted him with a torrent of explanations. He told him all he knew about LeCroix's antecedents and pictures in indelible terms the utterances of his abominable treachery, especially alluding to his fabricated account of Kate's imaginary death-wound.

"What! was the cool reply of the young man, when Harry had exhausted the category of the Canadian's crimes. "I must say you astonish me, and personally I should be glad to see him exposed and punished; but you see, Winthrop, in the present state of affairs you would find it difficult to induce my people to take a very severe view of any little trick done on a enemy in war-time, treachery, too, as he is, so securely in the affection of the family. Besides, he would contradict you point blank, and, as there is only one bullet in the world, I fear the influence of the court would be all on the other side."

"If by the influence of the court you mean your father's favor," Winthrop said, laughingly. "I shall not make any effort to ameliorate his judgment. All I ask is that you will make known to your sister the facts I have laid before you, so that she may be able to see him exposed and punished as she should be."

"I will take my chance of that, Frohman said, heartily; then added with a little burst of enthusiasm: "Upon my soul, Winthrop, you are a fine fellow, and I wish things could be arranged differently, for of course your marriage with Kate is now impossible."

"And why?"

"You see why? Little you know Kate Frohman if you think she would ever forget the horrors of the past four years and the share you have had in the misery she has endured."

they were the very center of a conspiracy to destroy the Government. Nay, he even confessed that he had taken part in their malicious designs, though, of course, only with the intention of frustrating them.

"Have you conferred with any one concerning this matter?" Harry asked.

"No, sir. I am just fresh from the interview, and was about to consult you."

"Then keep your own counsel and say nothing to any one. I will myself take charge of this case," Harry said, as he dismissed his subordinate.

He was sorely perplexed. Of course he knew that the charge of the treacherous scoundrel was false, but in these excited times the venial whisper of suspicion, no matter from what source, might entail endless misery on the innocent victims. Alphonse LeCroix must be crushed once and for all.

And why had the villain so suddenly turned to rend the Frohmans. Pondering over these matters, he culled his orderly and started at once for the Frohmans.

Hardly had he gone a couple of blocks than he saw Walter Frohman hurrying along the sidewalk; so, reining in his horse, he beckoned the young man to his side.

"You do not let the grass grow under your feet, Walter," he said, reprovingly. "Why, I believe you were going to pass without recognizing me."

"Forgive me, Harry," was the response, "but I am in trouble. To tell you the truth, I am hunting all over the city after Alphonse LeCroix."

Ah! Could it be possible that there was something in the Frenchman's incoherent accusations after all? The young man's manner was certainly very suspicious.

"Yes, I may as well make a clean breast of it. I have had the devil to pay at our house; for, when I carried Kate the news of my interview with you and your strange story, she was so old folks at defiance and cut LeCroix dead."

"Brave girl!"

"Yes, I dare say she is; but not very politic. Her treatment drove the Frenchman to distraction, for he is a man of strong passions, and, what with whisky and what with disappointment, he is now little better than a raving lunatic. Why, this morning I was away from home for three days, and Kate half out of her wits by swearing that his love was turned to hate, and that he would be avenged on her. I am positively alarmed for her safety, and I can only come across him I mean to stick to him till the delirium of bad whisky and evil passions is out of him."

"Well, don't let me detain you, then. If I come across him, I will have him in bonds before he can say Jack Robinson. By the way, I was just going to see your father."

"Oh, I'm glad of that. The house is on the right at the end of the street, and the tumble-down place was a boarding-house, but the rats and mice and Frohmans have it all to themselves now."

Harry did not find it difficult in finding the house, a dingy mansion which had evidently seen better days, but which now with blind, broken and shattered windows and battered walls, looked indeed a cheerless abode.

Dismounting and leaving the bridle of his horse to his orderly, he climbed the stone steps and knocked at the door. There was no answer. Again and again he repeated the blow, till he could hear well into the lower rooms were heard the echoes reverberating through the dismal rooms, and was about to retire with the bitter feeling that some member of the family perhaps had gone home to bed, when he refused to grant him admission, when he thought he heard a cry—yes, he was sure of it—a woman's voice calling for help. Without pausing to think, he rushed forward, and, with a sudden knock, he was in the room.

The room was a small, dark, and dingy one, and Harry, with a sudden knock, he was in the room. The room was a small, dark, and dingy one, and Harry, with a sudden knock, he was in the room.

He was just in time. Over the prostrate form of Kate Frohman, his eyes rolling in frenzy, his hand clutching her white throat, stood Alphonse LeCroix.

With a bound Harry fell upon him and dashed him to the floor, where for a moment he lay motionless like some wild animal; then, with the strength of madness, he flung Winthrop from him, and hurled aside the orderly who had come to his office's aid, crashed through the casement of the window and fell with a crash upon the pavement fifty feet below.

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YOUNG AMERICANS.

Why They Should Assiduously Study the Principles of Government.

To say that he comprehends the Federal power in all its immensity, in all its ramifications, in all its far-reaching effects, is to pay him a compliment at the expense of fact. To know the reality, to know how far it is actually working out the purpose for which it was established, and how far it has swerved from its true course, he must know more than constitutional principles; he must know the laws, the agencies created by those laws, what those agencies are doing, and the methods which they employ. His knowledge, at the best, is but a smattering to him, at all, the Government is little else than a conjecture, a fancy an airy, intangible, invisible theory.

This is blunder speech. For there are tens of thousands of citizens who have very clear and correct notions about what the Government is, and about what it ought to be. The "average American" is, to be sure, an indefinite sort of person, and he is apt to think and know more about public affairs than he shows. But there is one class of Americans to which he does not belong—Americans who, unfortunately, do take a "practical view" of things. They know the Blue Book better than they know the Constitution; they look upon the Government simply as a great collection of offices; they know the salary attached to every office, and the highest and only ambition, as citizens, is to secure the best-paying offices for themselves. The American, with his "theory" and imperfect knowledge, is so far ahead of this type of "enlightenment" as to put comparison out of all question.

The American who glories in the majesty of the Republic, and who values his own freedom, can not afford to dream; the duty he owes to the commonwealth, to society and to himself, he can not, with honor or safety ignore. The true grandeur of our Government depends upon the justice of its laws; those laws depend upon the virtue, the patriotism and the wisdom of the people.

The fight for independence did not end with the treaty of peace; nor did the adoption of the Constitution settle forever all questions of civil liberty and government. Dangers have appeared in the past; dangers menace us to-day; dangers will yet arise. They may come from the direction of the Government, or they may come from society, as evils for the Government to meet.

The subject of government is a profound and momentous one, yet it is not wholly beyond the grasp of the young. It would be an error for parents or teachers to withhold it from you as a matter reserved for older minds. You can not be too much impressed by a consciousness of its gravity; you can not take too broad a view of National destiny and of your rights and duties as younger citizens; you can not study these things too soon.

You are not expected to plunge at once into the depths of "political science"; you need not vex your early wits over abstruse "economic" puzzles. With time and experience you are able to handle disputed problems, and to follow the drift of National policy and power. At the same time, the mask of mystery should be lifted off; the reality of government should stand before your thoughts.—Edmund Altan, in St. Nicholas.

PIOUS TELEGRAPHERS.

Night Operators Conduct Sunday-School Service by Wire.

The latest fad, and one much more likely to be productive of good than the majority of these outgrowths of our rapid civilization, has recently developed among the night operators on the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis railroad, between Nashville & Chattanooga, and a widespread popularity for it would be the means of much good. They have organized a Sunday-school, which meets, or rather assembles, at different points along the wire every Sabbath morning at two o'clock. This novel association is opened with prayer by the superintendent, J. B. Blamlett, night operator at Martrance, Tenn., followed by the reading of a Scripture lesson and the regular international Sunday-school lesson. Classes are organized and the pupil with the quickest mind and nimblest fingers captures the circuit, and his generosity will have to be relied upon to prevent a corner on answers and give all a fair showing. Of course singing is impossible. No amusements can be indulged in, and no flirting with the pretty girls; and the choir will ever break up the organization and throw the different communities into uproars. No jealousies of organist and chief singer; only the soft clicking of the machines and the murmur of the wires in the clear night air, carrying the message which was first chanted by angels on another starry night nineteen centuries gone by. The first regular session after the organization was completed was on last Sabbath morning. The theme was the cleansing of the leper, the old pathetic story of his faith and healing, as told by Saint Mark in the first chapter of his epistle. Reverent fingers strove the words over the magic wires: "If Thou wilt Thou canst make me clean." Then from another sleeping town came the murmur as if in answer to the prayer of each soul so mysteriously in communication with other souls by this God-given mystery of electricity: "I will; be thou clean."

Some one along the line thinking more of markets, stocks and trusts than of devotion, sent clicking along the wires: "Any change, please, charged?"—cabbage, fifteen cents; potatoes, Irish, fifteen cents and twenty cents,—"and forthwith sent him away"—with market closing dull on wheat. "We have always had a feeling of pity for those boys of the wires who, through the night long must do nothing but listen during each hourly hour to the monotonous tick, tick of the instruments, and have greatly desired to paint some soft tinges on the hard tragedy of their every-night life. But down here in the sleepy Southland these electric angels have solved the difficulty for themselves. What an era of religious activity we may expect when this becomes universal, and instead of being

ning religious services after the old fashion—Sunday-school at 9:30 a. m.—we read: "All along the line there will be Sunday-school services, beginning promptly at 2 a. m. and continuing one hour." The only trouble we can foresee growing out of this new departure in electric science is that some politicians may object on the ground of union of church and State. For instance, in the heat of campaign season, should choose the hour of 2 a. m. to send along the wire a message to bring confusion in the camp of the enemy, a bit of intrigue, any thing to beat the other fellow, and it should be come mixed with the exercises of our Sunday-school boys, who are just at that moment repeating the golden text by wire: "In honor preferring one another." We await with much curiosity the outcome of the Sunday-school under the stars.—Chattanooga (Tenn.) Letter.

TALLEYRAND'S TRIBUTE.

Discovery of a French State Paper on the Death of Washington.

Mr. Somerville Pinkney Tuck, United States Assistant Commissioner-General to the Paris Exposition of 1889, while in Europe on a special mission, having for its object a search for documents and other evidences relating to the French spoliation claims, discovered at Paris, among the archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a paper which interested him this time in connection with the project of a new treaty of commerce and in charge of a committee of ladies, presided over by Miss Bayard and Mrs. Nathan Appleton, the object of which is to raise a fund for the erection of a statue of Washington in some place in the city of Paris. The following is a translation of the paper in question, the original of which is Nos. 172 and 183 of volume 51 of the manuscript series known as "Etais-Unis, 1779-1800." (Years seven and eight of the French Republic):

Report of Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the occasion of the death of George Washington.

A nation which some day will be a great nation, and which to-day is the wisest and happiest on the face of the earth, weeps at the loss of a man whose courage and genius contributed the most to free it from bondage and elevate it to the rank of an independent and sovereign power. The regrets caused by the death of this great man, the memories aroused by these regrets, a proper veneration for all that is dear and sacred by mankind, and the desire to express our sentiments by taking part in an event which deprives the world of one of its brightest ornaments, and removes to the realm of history one of the noblest lives that ever honored the human race.

The name of Washington is inseparably linked with a memorable epoch; he adorned this epoch by his talents and the nobility of his character, and with virtues that even envy dared not assault. History offers us few examples of such renown. Great from the outset of his career, patriotic before his country had become a nation, brilliant and universal despite the passions and political resentments that would gladly have checked his career, his fame is to-day imperishable, fortune having consecrated his claim to greatness, while the prosperity of a people destined for grand achievements is the best evidence of fame ever to increase.

His own country now honors his memory by national ceremonies, having lost a citizen whose public actions and unassuming grandeur in private life were a living example of courage, wisdom and unselfishness, and France—which from the birth of the American revolution hailed with hope a nation hitherto unknown that was discharging the vicies of Europe, which formed all the hopes of this Nation would bestow on humanity, and the enlightenment of governments that would ensue from the novel character of the social institution and the new type of government which Washington and America were models of the world at large—France, I repeat, should depart from established usages and do honor to one whose fame is beyond comparison with that of others.

The man who amid the decadence of modern ages first dared believe that he could inspire degenerate nations with courage to rise to the level of republican virtues, lived for all nations and for all centuries, and his name, which first saw in the life and success of that illustrious man a forbidding of his destiny, and therefrom forecast a future right to be realized and duties to be performed, has every right to class him as a fellow-citizen. I therefore submit to the first consul the following decree:

Honorable, first Consul of the Republic, decrees as follows:

Article I. A statue is to be erected to General Washington.

Article II. This statue is to be placed in one of the squares of Paris, to be chosen by the Minister of the Interior, and shall be his duty to execute the present decree.

There is no evidence that any action was ever taken on this proposed decree of Napoleon, and it is probable that the matter was entirely forgotten in the press of affairs of that exciting time. A copy of the original of this prophetic state paper has been lately procured by Mr. Tuck for the Department of State.—Washington Dispatch.

FLUTES FOR LADIES.

Delicate Vibrations of the Strings Superseded by Distended Cheeks.

Queen things are happening now-a-days. Verily, this is the age of novelty. It is true music is always in fashion, but certain musical instruments come into fashion for a time and are then superseded by others when they are no longer a novelty. The young women of the present generation have toughened their pretty fingers on the rollicking banjo, and tinkled on the sentimental guitar; they have flirted with the tortoiseshell plectrum of their mandolins, coquetted with the zither and flourished the violin bow with the grace that only Venus possesses, very few of them venturing to wrestle with the harp. But of all the stringed instruments the harp shows to advantage more than any other the beauty of the arm and figure of a woman.

Strings are going out. Their delicate vibrations and quiverings must give place to new sounds; they have a rival. It is the flute! I could not believe it when I first heard it, but it is a fact. The flute is to be the popular musical instrument among ladies, and they will now be brushing their rosy lips upon inanimate pieces of wood and metal in order to bring forth sounds that will ravish the ears of men. Already one young lady is so proficient that she is in great demand for all amateur musical performances; and at all private entertainments to which she is invited she is requested to bring her flute. I wonder if it is a pretty sight to see a pretty woman play upon a wind instrument? Was it not Alcibiades which laughed the flute out of fashion by ridiculing the appearance of the performer, whose distended cheeks were rapidly becoming red and uncomfortable looking?

Ladies, will it be the cornet next?—N. Y. Star.

GREEK CHURCH RITES.

The Elaborate Ceremonies of the Russian Burial Service.

I have just been a witness of the Russian burial service, in the church, over the remains of a Russian native, the widow of an American trader who died several years ago at Sitka. A mass began in the women's chapel, in the north transept, at ten o'clock in the morning, in the presence of about forty Russians and natives, mostly women. The responses of the mass were made by a choir, composed of two venerable old men, standing at the right of the chapel, facing the altar screen, and a group of children, some Russian and others Sitkan Indians. Those participating in these preliminary mortuary services either knelt on the matting or prostrated themselves with their faces resting on the floor. The mass was intoned by the priest in Slavonic, and the responses by the choir in the same tongue, while the worshippers silently and constantly showed their participation by almost continuously crossing themselves on the breast and face with the right hand, frequently using the left in connection with the right for that purpose.

The intonation of the mass seemed more like a wail or a refrain than any thing else to which I can liken it. The Indian women were clad with brightly-colored shawls and gaudy blankets, and wore black scarfs over their heads instead of hats, hoods, or bonnets. This custom is entirely new, and is a peculiarly made an address of about ten minutes in Russian respecting the deceased, after which the sacred water in the sacrament was given those who advanced to the altar for that purpose. Children far younger than those admitted to the confirmation in other churches were allowed to receive the sacramental water.

The ceremony over, the choristers passed to the body of the church and ranged themselves about the head of the open coffin, while the priest, after exchanging his vestment for one of deep black, embroidered with broad bands of silver lace, began a requiem mass behind the altar screen, and the responses were made in the body of the church. At the same time a deacon placed three slender wax tapers, lighted, around the head of the deceased, a larger taper having been left burning at the foot of the coffin ever since it had been brought into the church. The men were ranged on the right side of the coffin and the women on the left, and the deacon then placed a similar wax taper or candle in the right hand of every man, woman and child among the friends and relatives of the deceased and the communicants of the church.

The sky outside was clouded and lowering, and the deepest possible gloom pervaded the church, which, with the scores of burning tapers, made a peculiar picture. Especially was this so when the tapers were flourished from side to side in making the frequent signs of the cross during this part of the mass. The priest approached the coffin from behind the screen and passed around it a score of times, waving the smoking censer and intoning the mass amid the responses of the choir.

This mass lasted for three quarters of an hour, and then the four orphan children of the deceased approached and first kissed a small painted image of Jesus reclining on the breast of the dead mother and then her brow. Each communicant and immediate friend of the deceased repeated this ceremony, at the close of which a pall was placed on the coffin and its lid taken in charge by two pall-bearers, who bore it out of the church, while six other pall-bearers passed out with the uncovered coffin, the priest with uncovered head and in his vestments preceding the body to the grave, where the mass was ended, the lid replaced, and the coffin lowered to the grave. A considerable portion of the revenue of the church comes on such occasions in payment for the necessary candles for that part of the ceremony, according to the wealth and circumstances of the deceased person.—Sitka Cor. N. Y. Times.

A HAPPY MARRIAGE.

The Only Way in Which an Ideal Union Becomes Possible.

Two people may be of suitable age, temper, tastes and inclinations, but if they have not minds sufficiently open to be well stored to offer to each other fresh attractions they quickly find themselves at the melancholy stage of conning twice-told tales, and however comfortable their life together may be, their union can not be ideally happy. Only the man or woman who can offer to wife or husband or friend counsel, advice, continual freshness, can hope to keep alive an affection of quick race. The individuality of the race is far too highly developed for us to follow the fashion of our ancestors of taking friendship as a contract almost loyally binding. People fortunately do not demand a great deal in this line. A very little freshness, a new thought now and then, a slight growth, a small attainment in untired fields, suffices; but this is imperative to vitality of interest. Unless a husband and wife fall in love with each other every day, their marriage has failed of its ideal possibilities.

And from what has been said it is easy to perceive what nonsense is the talk about affinities which used to be called into account for the failure of a marriage. While some people are fitted to live together and others are not, the paucity of thought, of imagination, of originality, of ordinary people makes it impossible for them to realize the highest conditions of love or of friendship; and since the fault is inherently their own no affinity could remedy the effect.

The moral, if one wishes to draw a moral, is sufficiently obvious. The only way in which an ideal marriage becomes possible is by the cultivation of the imagination and the creative powers. This may not secure the desired blessing, but without it an ideal marriage is impossible.—Boston Courier.

—Conscience lays on heavy tasks, but gives high pay.

PITH AND POINT.

—Marriage would be more frequently a success if fewer men and women were failures.

—A man never knows what he can do until he tries; and then, afterward, he is often very sorry that he found out.

—He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more excellent who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

—One of the mistakes in the conduct of human life is to suppose that other men's opinions will make us happy.

—To an honest mind the best perquisites of a place are the advantages it gives a man of doing good.—Addison.

—As charity requires forgetfulness of evil deeds, so patience requires forgetfulness of evil accidents.—Bishop Hall.

—Youth is the time of hope. When a man gets a little older he stops hoping and begins reaching out for what ever he can get.—Somerville Journal.

—Trying to reform a man by reforming his surroundings, is like tying scotch pears or rambos apples to the rough twigs of a crab-tree.—Interior.

—Every man is the architect of his own fortune. And it's lucky for most of us that there's no building inspector around.—Puck.

—Don't tell what you could have done under favorable circumstances. What the world is interested in hearing is what you have accomplished under unfavorable circumstances.—Atchison Globe.

—It is a saying worthy of an acceptance that "in all parts of the world the refinement, innocence and happiness of the people may be measured by the flowers they cultivate."

—The only way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through.—Bryant.

—Our lives are like some complicated machine, working on one side of a wall and delivering the finished fabric on the other. We can not cross the barrier and see the end. The work is in our hands—the completion is not.

—Pain and pleasure are so intimately interwoven in our human life that either alone seems to be incomplete. It is for us to accept them both; not for their own sakes, but for something higher than either, that we have at heart, and that will make all sacrifice easy and all burdens light.—N. Y. Ledger.

—When we look back upon our lives, especially if we begin to feel that they are pretty far spent, how we amuse ourselves with thoughts of what we might have made out of them other than they are. But it is an amusement that may as well be sparingly indulged in. Our better employment is to make us as much as possible of what is left us.—United Presbyterian.

CONCERNING CATS.

A Journalist's Friday Afternoon Compo-

—The cat has ever been regarded as a mysterious creature, and has of a consequence been shunned, as amateur swimmers avoid deep holes, by the youth of our land in their literary efforts. The dog and the horse are notoriously what are termed "old stand-bys" as subjects for compositions, but it is noteworthy that the cat, though even more familiar to all than either of the aforementioned animals, is neglected in all Friday afternoon literature. The kitten is much beloved by reason of its frivolous and gay nature. Its propensity to amuse itself with any light object or, in default of other movables, its own floating tail endears it to all young persons, but there is an unnatural gravity and air of absorption in deep philosophical matters about the mature cat which is forbidding, not to say awe-inspiring. It may be that its uncanny nature has caused it to be associated with witches. Certainly its habit of being out at all hours of the night gives color to the suspicion that it is a powerful being. A cat acts as if it knew that the disclosure of its secrets would result in death to all its kind at the hands of an enraged humanity. Now there is something frank and open-hearted about a dog. He may bite an enemy, but a cat will scratch its dearest friend. A dog can not keep a secret. A cat never tells one. The normal dog is undoubtedly a sane creature, and this is proved by the fact that now and then one goes mad. They have to go mad, don't you see? Now, reasoning on that basis, a cat must be normally insane. If a paradox be permitted. A dog growls when he is angry and wags his tail when he is pleased. A cat, on the contrary, growls when she is pleased and wags her tail in anger. Others have noted this fact before, but the great mass of mankind have ignored it, absorbed in the strife for existence. It behooves us to inquire if it be safe to allow existence to creatures whose simplest acts are done in such a way as to arouse suspicion of their sanity.—Chicago Mail.

Wonders of the Deep Sea.